

Sunshine

The Magazine for Youth



Get Ready
FOR
Christmas

Nov./Dec. '80
Rs.3.00

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sunshine

The Magazine for Youth
Founded in 1954

PURPOSE

This Indian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the Children's Sunshine Concerns, a registered non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 10-16, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and English language practice.

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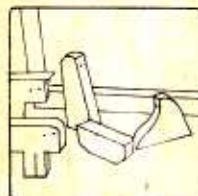
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Sunshine brings you 12 pages of party fun and ideas for a Happy Christmas.



SUNSHINE is approved and recommended for use in schools, colleges and libraries by the Education authorities in all the State of India.

Sunshine Beats A New Path

This double issue marks an historic 'first' for SUNSHINE. It is the first issue to be printed by the **offset** process of photolithography. In a future issue we will explain the difference between this process and the old **letterpress** method of printing which SUNSHINE has used for the past 26 years. In addition, we have used a photo-type-setting machine for the text material instead of the old system of hot lead in a Linotype machine. Phototypesetting gives us much greater flexibility in the way the pages look, and we have worked hard to use this greater freedom of action to make SUNSHINE more attractive. Write and tell us what changes you like.

For 26 years SUNSHINE has provided good reading and general knowledge, and this will of course continue, but we felt that, at the same time, it could be made better looking and easier to read. However, this new system of printing costs much more than the old one, and we hope you readers will like it enough to show it to others; to

send gift subscriptions (see page 53), and in general, to keep our circulation department busy!

The year 1980 has been an eventful one for India and for many other countries. The Iran — Iraq war has cast a shadow; earthquakes have taken their toll; the Indian central and state governments were replaced (except for Bengal and Kerala); prices have never been higher and people are troubled. In the midst of this it is good to witness the courage and integrity of the Polish workers as they press towards a more liberal regime. Closer to home, the Assam agitation has, by and large, also been a non violent one, which is a great credit to the people of that State.

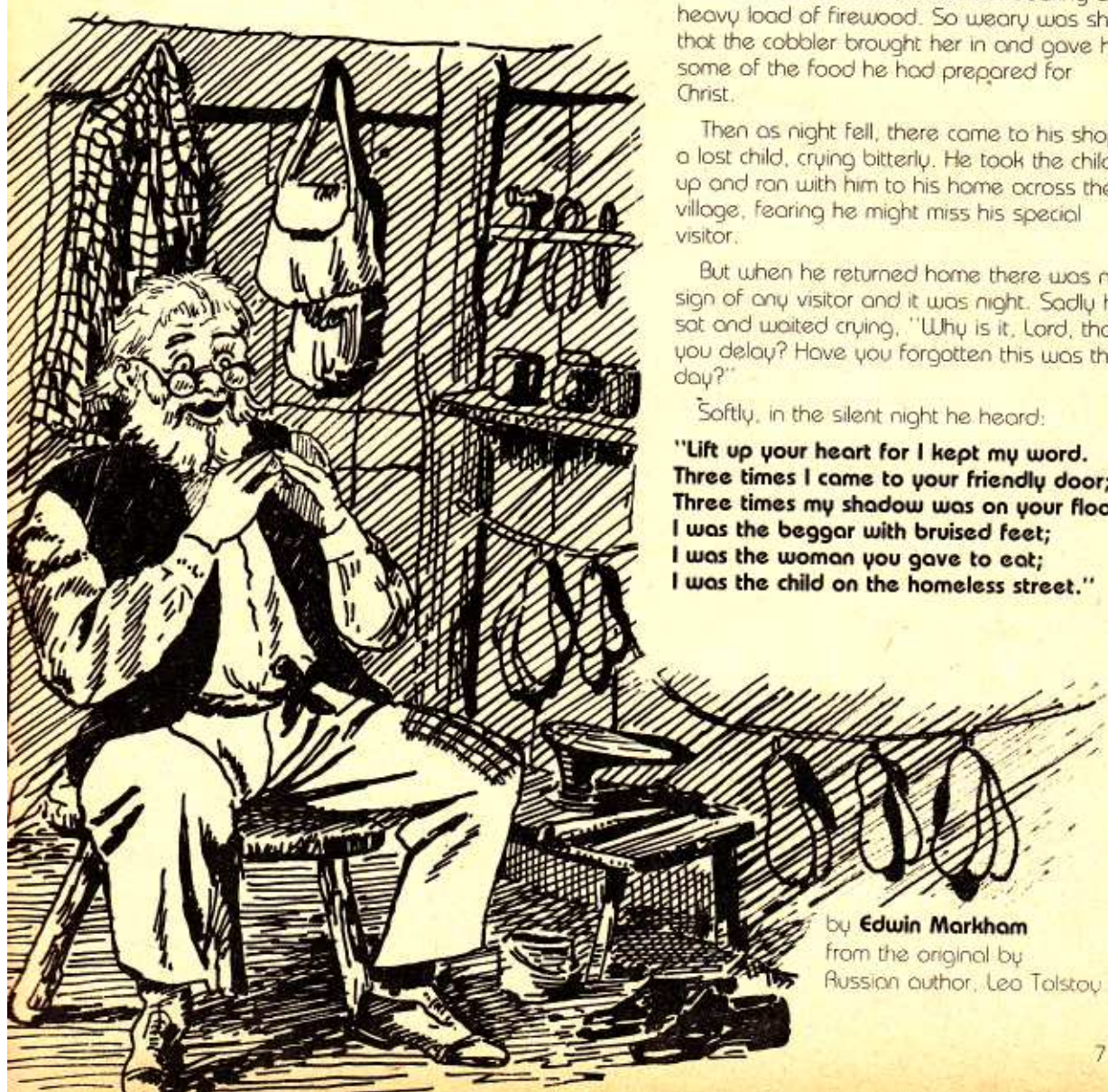
SUNSHINE prays with you for a more peaceful 1981 and would like to remind each one of our readers that you are the future of our country: make sure that you have the self-discipline, the courage and the honesty that you will need to be worthy leaders.

Your Editor

PLEASE NOTE

The SUNSHINE office has moved back to its old address at
6, Parvati Villa Road, Pune 411 001.

A Cobbler's Christmas Surprise



It was Christmas eve and old Avdeich, the cobbler, dreamt that Christ would come to his humble home the next day. Excited and full of joy he awoke that Christmas morning. He decorated his room, prepared the best meal he could, and looked out for the steps of the Master.

All morning he waited. But nothing happened. At last an old traveller shuffled in, asking to rest. His shoes were worn out and so the cobbler offered him a new pair — the best shoes in the shop.

Throughout the afternoon he waited, and no one came but an old woman bearing a heavy load of firewood. So weary was she that the cobbler brought her in and gave her some of the food he had prepared for Christ.

Then as night fell, there came to his shop a lost child, crying bitterly. He took the child up and ran with him to his home across the village, fearing he might miss his special visitor.

But when he returned home there was no sign of any visitor and it was night. Sadly he sat and waited crying, "Why is it, Lord, that you delay? Have you forgotten this was the day?"

Softly, in the silent night he heard:

**"Lift up your heart for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."**

by **Edwin Markham**
from the original by
Russian author, **Leo Tolstoy**



margaret mead

Margaret Mead

1901 — 1978

Two years ago, on November 15, Margaret Mead died in a hospital in New York. She was a scholar and scientist, the subject of whose work was — people.

For fifty-two years, from 1926 to 1978, she was connected with the American Museum of Natural History in New York. From there she would travel afar, spending years in the South Seas, using her observations of primitive life and customs to illuminate the understanding of her own society.

In this issue, SUNSHINE celebrates the life of this outstanding and inspiring woman. We want to share with you something of the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made.

ON an early October morning in 1925, the steamship *Sonoma* dropped anchor in Pago-Pago. Only one passenger left ship at this port — a slim, brown-haired girl named Margaret Mead.

Margaret was just a fraction over five feet tall. With her bobbed hair and wide-spaced eyes, she looked entirely too young to be left alone on this tropical Samoan island in the South Seas, 13 degrees below the equator and 7,500 miles from her home in Pennsylvania in the U.S.A.

But actually Margaret was a twenty-three-year-old graduate student from Columbia University in New York City. She had earned a doctor's degree in anthropology and was now beginning her first field trip, an on-the-spot study of a people and their ways of living. Her exact assignment in Samoa was to study the lives of adolescent girls in this simple society.

Miss Mead had never stayed in a hotel before in her life. She checked into the only hotel in Pago-Pago and soon found out she was its only guest. The hotel was a ramshackle place, run by a shy native and his sad-eyed cook named Misfortune.

A little fearfully, Margaret unpacked her belongings: camera and typewriter, notebooks, a metal strongbox, a few clothes, and a 'blue silk baby pillow'. She did not expect to be lonesome because she would be hard at work. First she would finish learning the beautiful, liquid-



sounding Samoan language. Next she would get herself adopted into the household of a Samoan chief. Then, by actually living as a Samoan girl, she would learn with her heart as well as her mind how the girls grew into women.

How did Margaret Mead, find the road she wished to follow in life?

Margaret was born on December 16, 1901. She was a twentieth-century girl, and she was raised in a household of highly educated, unusually gifted people. Her mother, Emily Fogg, graduated from the University of Chicago. Her father, Professor Mead, taught economics at the University of Pennsylvania. After her marriage, Mrs. Mead continued to work and study, and raised her children in an atmosphere where girls, as well as boys, were free to follow their own interests. The Meads enjoyed a wide variety of friends and were unusually alive to the world around them. From her earliest childhood on, an interest

in people seemed as natural to Margaret as breathing.

Professor Mead's widowed mother also lived in this lively household. Grandmother Mead had been a school teacher, and she, too, held unusual ideas. She taught the Mead children at home, Margaret, and her younger brother Richard, were close in age, so they formed one class.

Grandmother Mead's methods would have made an ordinary teacher gasp. The children studied botany, the science of plant life, before they studied spelling. And they tackled algebra ahead of arithmetic.

When Margaret was seven, her sister Elizabeth was three and baby Priscilla was just

beginning to talk. Grandmother Mead

gave Margaret her first assignment in scientific observation and recording: Margaret was to listen carefully and note all the new words she heard in her little sisters' growing vocabularies. Then she had to discover, if she could, which songs, stories or nursery rhymes had supplied the youngsters with their new words.

For instance, Grandmother Mead might say to Elizabeth, "You're looking pretty ragged today." If Elizabeth grinned and answered, "Because I'm the raggedy man," Margaret knew her younger sister had probably learned the word from a poem by James Whitcomb Riley:

O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa, An' he's the goodest man you ever saw!

Margaret began her formal schooling when she was eight. But the following year she came down with a severe case of whooping cough. So while she recovered, her grandmother continued to teach her at

home. Margaret painted and sewed and read widely and wrote plays.

Margaret started her college career at DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, where her father had studied. But at the end of her first year, in 1920, she transferred to Barnard College, which is part of Columbia University in New York. She was eager to study in a big university in a big city. There she could meet many different kinds of people and see customs which were new to her. She could enjoy forty plays a year if she wanted to, and write poetry and stay up half the night arguing with friends.

Margaret had a fine time in New York, specializing in English and doing all the big-city things she had hoped to do. But none of her college courses fully satisfied her endless curiosity about people. She wanted "to study people who live in the Arctic and in the tropics, on mountains and by the sea, in tiny tribes and in great

kingdoms, those who knew nothing about reading and writing, and others who had kept records for thousands of years".

In her senior year at Barnard, Margaret took a course from Dr. Franz Boas in the Department of Anthropology. The subject excited her from the first day, and soon Margaret knew that she had found her path.

The science of anthropology is an immense field because it studies man's place in nature. It is interested in the beginnings and the growth and the differences and similarities of all the people of the world, from the dawn of history up to this very moment.

Margaret Mead was especially interested in cultural anthropology. A people's culture includes not only music and art, but all their ways of living together. An anthropologist is trained to observe the details that make up a pattern of life. He



S' FOR SAVING

WELL DONE RAJU ! ..YOUR ANSWER-
'S' FOR SAVING IS CORRECT !

Boys, you know, dear Raju saves all his pocket money in his Savings Account in Bank of Maharashtra. And every time, like homework, he shows me his Bank Pass Book regularly. Saving is always a good habit in an early age which proves beneficial in future life. Money saved in Savings Account earns interest.

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sunshine EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST



1980

- I. a) Why did the Farmers block the road and rail traffic in Nasik in November?
b) Who was their leader? Write a brief note on him.
- II. All year long, Assam has been in a state of turmoil.
a) What is the demand of the agitators?
b) Who is leading the agitators?
c) Is this an 'anti-national' agitation?
- III. a) What incident sparked off the Moradabad riots?
b) Was this a communal riot?
c) Were other parts of India affected by these riots?
- IV. a) Why are Iran and Iraq at war?
b) How has their war affected India?
- V. a) Why do you think Russia is currently in Afghanistan?
b) Why was there a fear, this year, that Russia would invade Poland?
- VI. a) Who is the new American President?
b) How many American hostages are being held by Iran?
c) What major attempt did ex-President Carter make to get them out?

Send your answers to these questions on a separate sheet together with the coupon. Three lucky all-correct winners get Eagle Flasks. Upto 4 points will be awarded on merit to the rest of the winners.



SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK CONTEST

Name: _____

S.R. No.: _____

Address: _____

Last Date: **January 30**

The Story So Far:

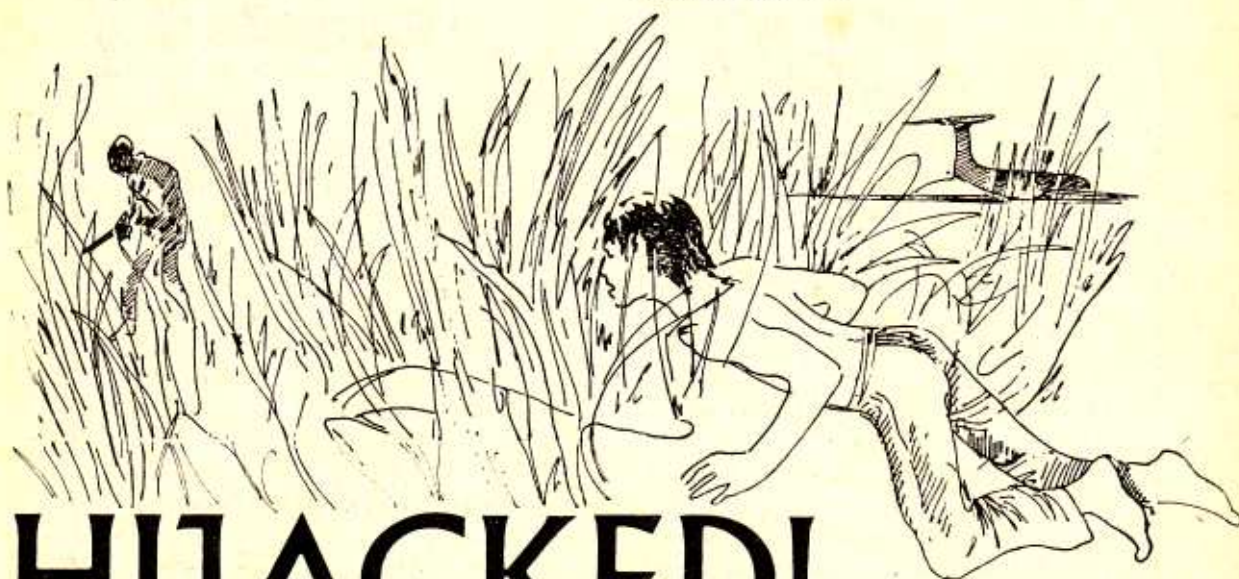
Fourteen-year-old, English boy Jason Wright is on vacation in Hong Kong where his father is working. During the holidays Jason trains very strenuously, since he has taken swimming very seriously. He returns to school in England a week earlier than other students because he wants to try out for the swimming Championship. On the plane, which is filled with a variety of nationalities, Jason is asked to keep an eye on two small children who are travelling alone.

Before reaching Bangkok the plane is hijacked by the three Japanese passengers on board. They turn out to be members of **Rengo Sekigun** the suicide

squad of the so-called Japanese United Red Army. The plane crash lands near Malaya. Three passengers who try to attack the hijackers are ruthlessly overpowered.

The hijackers get off the plane, tape explosive to the fuel tank and guard the plane with machine-guns. Meanwhile, the passengers get restless. It is very warm; besides, they haven't a clue as to what the hijackers' demands are.

Meanwhile, Jason, while in the bathroom, had accidentally come upon a false panel that seemed to lead down into the luggage bay and maybe to the woods beyond. This 'discovery' sets Jason thinking...
Now read on



HIJACKED!

J.M. Marks

Serial Story — Part V

JASON walked slowly back, deep in thought — but, as he passed the rear door, he glanced out and his vision of himself climbing down into the luggage bay and running for help evaporated like smoke. The two hijackers, automatics slung, squatted cross-legged under the port

wing. In daylight he would be seized the moment he dropped to the sand, and even in darkness he would be heard and, very likely, be caught by a burst of automatic fire.

He felt the aircraft jerk and quiver, and grabbed at his seat. Others had felt the

same, and one man, squinting down through the glass of a starboard window, called: 'The tide's coming in — the under-carriage is sinking into the wet sand!' The aircraft gave another lurch, no more than an inch or two, but the stressed metal skin vibrated. Jason ignored it for he was up in his seat trying to stare down through the window, and he caught a glimpse of a faint line of foam, wave by wave, washing further up the beach. The sea, he thought — he'd forgotten the sea!

'They're up to something, Captain!' The steward on watch called round the corner of the galley and Captain Chisholm sprang for the door. A third hijacker had appeared below the wing and with the other two was examining the transistor radio set.

'Look's as if he's taking it up to the flight deck, Sir!'

'I think you're right. They can't have been getting any results under that wing.' Thoughtful, he moved back and to his place, and he was discussing the possible significance of the Japanese hijackers' action when there was an unexpected interruption.

'You! Come!'

At the sharp command in English the dozing, sweating passengers looked up. In the doorway of the first-class cabin stood a hijacker with an automatic in his right hand, his left pointing at Captain Chisholm. 'Come!' he repeated.

'Maybe something's happening — they may have news!' Captain Chisholm jumped from his seat and hurried along the gangway. The hijacker jammed the automatic against his back as he passed through, and, as the curtain swung to behind them, a buzz of speculation broke out among the passengers. 'It may be news about their demands!' cried one hopefully.

'Too soon for that', grunted another.

'But they might let us stretch our legs.'

'It's oppressive — there's not a breath of air. Perhaps we'll get some rain tonight.'

'Here's the Captain again!' All heads lifted as the curtain parted, but they saw only his back; he seemed to be standing arguing with someone beyond. 'He's taking a bit of a chance,' muttered someone; then **crack** came the sound of the butt of an automatic striking flesh and bone, the Captain's head jerked round with the force of the blow and he toppled backwards along the gangway, legs, shoulders and head hitting the deck at the same moment.

'Captain!' The nearest passenger sprang down to help him, but he lay absolutely still.


'Here, let me see.' The co-pilot forced his way past the craning heads and shoulders and knelt by the man on the floor. 'Still breathing.' He waved to the Flight Engineer: 'Tim, take his head.' Lifting the Captain by head and legs, they staggered aft along the gangway and laid him along the crew's row of seats. The co-pilot ran his hands over the unconscious man's head and face. 'He's only knocked out. Get his shoes off — that's it — and lift his feet up a bit higher than his head.'

'Don't move, Captain.' The co-pilot put a restraining hand on his shoulder. 'Just take it easy, everything's under control.'

'Hullo.' Captain Chisholm opened his eyes and shut them again. 'What happened?'

One of those Japs fetched you one with a gun-butt. But don't worry about it now, just rest.

To Jason, listening and looking on, it seemed as if he was watching a series of disconnected incidents in a rather bad but very violent film — one in which he might at any moment find himself taking part.

 Over

But the Captain was speaking again. 'Asked for the women and children to be let out into the shade.' He spoke thickly. 'Bitten my tongue.'

'What did they call you for first, though?' the co-pilot asked. 'Anything about the demands?'

The Captain answered without moving or opening his eyes. 'Set trouble. I showed them the earth socket.' He lay a moment, breathing in short painful gasps through one side of his mouth. 'Got it loud and clear.'

'What station, Captain?' Tim leant close to him. 'Did you see the frequency?'

'They shoved me out.' His eyes were still closed. 'Shoved me out.'

The others looked up at each other; he was beginning to wander. The co-pilot looked grim. 'Just take it easy, sir.'

Captain Chisholm put a hand up to his face and said in a thick mumble: 'Arabic, couldn't understand a word.'

'He means Japanese,' said the co-pilot. 'Don't worry, Captain — lie still.' He signalled for a cushion to be put under the injured man's head. 'You'll feel better if you get some sleep. Think you'll manage?'

The Captain mumbled something in a drowsy voice and the co-pilot got up. 'Keep a close eye on him,' he said in a low voice. 'He has had concussion, all right. How are the other three?'

The second stewardess shook her head slightly. 'Two are half awake, but this one' — and she indicated the big man with the scalpel wound — 'looks very bad. I don't like his colour, he can't speak or move, and there's still some bleeding.'

14

The senior steward got up and caught his eye. 'I think everyone'd be better for a cup of tea, Sir.'

'Good idea.'

With the growing cool the hours to evening passed more easily, and a cold supper was brought round early, to catch the last of the fading light. Jason, restless and unsettled, did little more than pick at the food.

His mind was beginning to stray back to that chamber behind the panel and to the sea outside. The tide was well in: when he stood up he saw the water close up to the line of the seaweed and flotsam of the high-water mark; the hijackers on the beach had moved further up and now sat under the far end of the great wing. The one disguised as a woman had now changed into men's clothing, and Jason wondered, as he looked at that sullen face with its strong jaw and cropped hair, how he could ever have passed for a woman even with rouge, lipstick and a kimono.

Just out of curiosity he began to calculate the depth of water in which Speedwing II stood. When they had splashed down the under-carriage had stood in little more than a few inches of water, for the hijackers, only a little way up the beach, had sat on dry sand. Besides, they were in the tropics, near the Equator, where tides were less extreme. So, the tides would be small — only seven or eight feet. If that were so, he thought with quickened interest, there was probably six feet of water below them at this moment.

Besides him the children were drowsing again. 'Here, you two.' It was Sue with a

Sunshine



*Warm
Greetings
to all our
Readers
for
Christmas
and the
New Year*

sheet. 'Time for bed.' She reclined the seats, pushing down the arm-rests between them, and covered the children up.

'I'll get back to my own place,' whispered Jason. 'Good night, Margaret, good night, John. Sleep well!' He crossed to his seat next to the big Chinese. They chatted desultorily but soon fell silent. Everyone was weary — exhausted by the early departure from Hong Kong and the long day of tension and heat.

A single emergency bulb came on in the cabin and suddenly everything outside was dark. Jason got up restlessly and walked along the gangway. Most people were back in their seats and, for the first time for hours, there was no queue for the washrooms. He paused by the injured. Two, he saw, lay with their eyes open; the Captain was apparently asleep, but the man with the stab wound was ominously quiet and Jason knew he must be very near death. One man kept watch over the injured and another sat by the door. The others of the crew sprawled asleep. Occasionally a powerful torch flashed out from the beach, its beam lighting up the fuselage and throwing quick shadows across the sleepers inside, then turning down on the surface of the sea before being switched off.

A wild thought was forming in Jason's mind. He tried to shut it out, but it kept returning. He wandered back along the gangway in the dim light of the bulb, glanced down at the sleeping children and then back to the injured. He turned and walked aft to the first washroom. It was vacant. He went inside and stood for a moment, trying to control his unsteady breathing. Someone had to get help. The hijackers would be bound to miss one of the crew, but not a passenger — and he could swim. He must go.

He felt for the catch and pulled open the



Riddles

1. Why is your heart like a policeman?
2. What is the least dangerous kind of robbery?
3. What is long and hard and has no feet, but does wear shoes?
4. What is it whose work is only to play?
5. Why do movie stars keep cool?
6. What did the big chimney say to the little chimney?
7. Hard and flat, thin and round, when its head is up, its tail is down. What is it?
8. What did the adding machine say to the clerk?
9. What goes through the door but never goes in or out?
10. What table is made of paper?

Answers on page 46



POLAND

Answers to

SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST

September 1980

I How does Poland get its name?

Poland gets its name from the **Pollans** or 'dwellers of the field'. They were a Slavic tribe who lived over a thousand years ago on Poland's rich, bountiful plains.

II How did World War II change the map of Poland?

World War II began with the German invasion of Poland from the West. Almost immediately, the U.S.S.R., under Stalin, came to an agreement with the Germans, under which the Russian army occupied the eastern half of Poland. This remained the situation for two years until the German invasion of Russia. From 1941 — 1944, Poland was entirely under German occupation. Towards the end of the War, Russian armies swept westward across Poland to reach Berlin. Since Russia had overwhelming power in this area after the war, it was possible for the U.S.S.R. to redraw the map of Poland. Russia took away the Eastern provinces, while it demanded from Germany, as compensation, an equivalent area to be given to Poland. In effect, "Poland" was moved westward by about 150 miles. Millions of Poles were thrown out of the East, and millions of Germans had to leave their homes in the West and become refugees.

III a) Is Poland an Iron Curtain country?

b) What does the "Iron Curtain" imply?

a) Yes.

b) The "Iron Curtain" was a phrase coined by Winston Churchill to describe the

barriers against travel and communication between Western Europe and the countries occupied by Soviet troops after World War II. These countries — East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Poland — all had one-party governments, strict censorship, strict travel control, and did not permit foreigners inside.

IV What factors make Poland different from other East European satellites of the U.S.S.R.?

1) 80% of the population of Poland are practising Catholics; none of the other countries are strongly religious.

2) There are comparatively fewer Russian troops in Poland than in the other East European countries.

3) Unlike the other East European satellites, Poland has a long history of war with Russia. Because of this the U.S.S.R., so as not to provoke Poland, has allowed it a greater degree of independence in its internal affairs.

V a) Why were the coalminers and shipyard workers on strike, recently?

b) Were their demands met?

a) Over 300,000 workers from 750 enterprises along Poland's Baltic coast were on strike for seventeen days.

They had many demands, some of which were:

- * guarantees of freedom of expression in word and print
- * abolition of censorship
- * Guarantees of the right to strike and security for all strikers
- * informing the public fully





Frédéric Chopin



Copernicus



Pope John Paul II

of the socio-economic situation of the country

- * liquidation of special shops that were open only to party officials

- * right to form independent trade unions

- * opening all Churches to the mass media, including the right to have Church services broadcast on T.V.

These were broad ranging demands which threatened the basis of the Communist Party's rule in Poland. IN 1953, 1956 and 1968, the U.S.S.R. had used its troops to suppress popular movements in Eastern Europe. Would it do so again?

b) So far, almost completely. All Polish workers have been allowed to choose which union they wish to join. An independent Union Federation has also been registered. The radio and T.V. are now 'open' to the Church and to non-government points of view. In return, the workers have agreed not to challenge the supremacy of the Party, nor the 'alliance' with Russia, nor to let their free union develop into a political party. One result has been the replacement of the members of the Government and of the top man in the Polish Communist Party, as well as a clean-up of corruption in the administration.

VI Why were the Polish strikes of so much concern to other East European countries like Czechoslovakia and Hungary?

In 1956 the Hungarian government and in 1968, the Czech government were overthrown

and replaced under the guns of the U.S.S.R. army. Neither country was permitted to put "a human face on Communism" as Premier Dubcek of Czechoslovakia tried. Neither country today has a free press, nor is the voice of opposition tolerated. It is believed that the people of both countries would welcome a relaxation of this state of affairs.

The success of the Polish strikers, therefore, may cause a similar movement to be sparked off in these countries. All it requires is one mistake like that of the Polish government in raising meat prices by 100%, this last summer. However, their economies are in better condition than Poland's, so this need not happen. Poland has international debts of over \$17,000 million and therefore had to give up its food subsidies.

VII Name 3 Poles famous for their achievements In: a) Science b) Music c) Religion

a) Copernicus b) Frédéric Chopin c) Pope John Paul II



10 (Margaret Mead)

notes how a marriage is arranged, a committee organized, a funeral conducted. He sees the way people cook their food, and whether children or old people receive the larger portions. While he learns whether a people serves food mushy or chewy, whether they feast together or turn their backs while they eat, he is also looking for the patterns of belief which lie under the way people behave.

Margaret had a sense of urgency about plunging into her work. She knew that time was running out for the small, simple cultures that existed on the edges of the modern world. Planes would poke the long finger of civilization into every remaining corner, and destroy these ancient ways of life as surely as a human finger disturbs the pattern of a cobweb. Margaret wanted to preserve some written records of these ways of life before the primitive societies disappeared forever.

But exactly how does an anthropologist go about studying people in their culture? Studying human beings is not very easy. But every anthropologist, however, has one tool — himself ... a man watching another man can understand something about how he feels, and if he learns the other man's language he can ask him questions and listen to his answers. So the study of human beings in many parts of the world began with men and women ... who asked questions.

To cover the expenses of her field trip to Samoa, Margaret secured a grant of money from a scientific organization, but it did not provide money for travelling expenses. So her father, who had always encouraged his daughter, did so again. He gave her a thousand dollars to buy tickets for the voyage. "A project which adds to the sum of exact knowledge in the world is worth doing," he said.

Advice poured in from all sides. "Wait a

few years before you take on such a big job." "Let me get you an introduction to the chief medical officer at the United States Naval Station in Pago-Pago, so he can keep an eye on you." "Don't eat raw pork or rotten fish." But the most excellent advice came from Dr. Henry Crampton, a zoologist who had travelled widely in the South and knew what he was talking about. "Take a little pillow with you," he had said, "and you'll be able to sleep wherever you are."

MARGARET unpacked her pillow and other few belongings in a cloud of excitement touched with uneasiness. Here she was in a run-down hotel in Samoa, thousands of miles from home and with only \$ 4.50 in her purse. She devoutly hoped another cheque would arrive by the next mail boat.

And with all her heart she prayed for success in the big project that lay ahead. For she was attempting a different kind of field work on a different kind of problem from what anyone, man or woman, had ever done before. She planned "to become a Samoan girl as nearly as possible, to learn to eat their food, sleep on their mats, share their jests and above all share their manners. Just as the only way to explore a cave is to enter it, so the only way in which I could be sure of knowing how a Samoan girl acted, was to try to act that way myself."

The very next day Margaret plunged



Would you like to send **FREE** copies of **SUNSHINE** to your friends or cousins? Send us their names and addresses. We will mail them a copy free of charge.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I must tell you that SUNSHINE is getting better and better everyday. Your present serial-story 'Hijacked' is superb. I am enjoying it very much.

Saibal Chatterjee,
Calcutta.

God bless the work you are doing for the youth of India — to bring SUNSHINE to them through this magazine.

Wishing you all the best for the coming years.


Sister M. Xavier
Headmistress
St. John Bosco's G.H. School
Cherrapunji.

I wish you the best of success in this great work that you are doing in the cause of education and pray that God will bless you and all your efforts.

Sr. Mary Scholastica Clarence
St. Mary's Convent
Shillong.

... More than my daughter who's only 8, I enjoy reading SUNSHINE. Congratulations for producing such an interesting magazine for the kids of today.

Mrs. M. Pimento
Bombay.

18  (Margaret Mead)

into her work. A soft-voiced native nurse named Butterfly gave her lessons in Samoan.

"Talofa," said Butterfly, "means 'love to thee.' " Or she might ask Margaret to say, "Sleep thou, and life to thee."

Then Margaret would reply, "Tofa soi fua."

But Margaret made many mistakes. It was so difficult to learn a Polynesian language that was not related to any modern civilized tongue! Just to accent the second syllable of a word instead of the third changed its whole meaning. Once Margaret thought she was saying, "Samoan is very difficult," but later Butterfly giggled and told her she had really said, "The Samoan language is very vaccination". No wonder the people she had been talking to had looked so blank!

In Samoan the word for "light" and the word for "understanding" are the same: "Malamalama". For six hard weeks Margaret worked toward "malamalama". But she often said under her breath, "I can't do it; I can't do it!" Then one day she noticed she was saying "I can't do it!" in Samoan, not English, and she knew she could do it.

Now Margaret was ready to leave Pago-Pago for the village of the Turtle and the Shark. Its chief, Ufuti, had agreed to receive her into his house as his guest.

The village of the Turtle and the Shark was located on the west coast of the island of Tau. It was made up of a cluster of dwellings nicely placed among groves of palm, breadfruit, and mango trees. The houses had round roofs of sugar-cane thatch, rather like beehives, resting on pillars of wood. The houses had no walls.

The kind-faced Chief Ufuti met Margaret at the door of his own home. Margaret saw Sava, the plump and dimpled lady who

 41

FOR THEM

Before you bid, for Christmas' sake,
Your guests to sit at meat,
Oh please to save a little cake
For them that have no treat.

Before you go down party-dressed
In silver gown or gold,
Oh please to send a little vest
To them that still go cold.

Before you gather round the tree
To dance the day about,
Oh please to give a little glee
To them that go without.

Before you give your girl and boy
Gay gifts to be undone,
Oh please to spare a little toy
To them that will have none.



Eleanor Fargeon



Scrooge

Christmas, the festival of peace on earth to men of goodwill, is closely linked with the name of Charles Dickens. Dickens himself said, "Christmas comes but once a year — which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round we shall make the earth a very different place." It was this belief that inspired him to write his Christmas Books. The best loved of all is The Christmas Carol. In it, Scrooge, an ill-tempered old miser comes to find the true Christmas Spirit.

We give you only an extract from The Christmas Carol. We hope you will read the whole lovely story as part of your Christmas activities.

The Cratchit's Christmas Dinner

By
Charles Dickens



Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Bob Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that

outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a

goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came Bob, the father in his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closed door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's con-

tent.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said.

There never was such a goose.



Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family. But now, the plates were being changed by Miss Belinda; Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all

the Cratchit family drew round the hearth; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all. ■



17 (POLAND)

VIII State the correct answer

- 1) The majority of Poles are: Jewish, Muslims, Catholics, Communists, Protestants
- 2) Poland's most important river is: the Danube, Volga, Rhine, Vistula, Moldau.
- 3) The national dance of Poland is: the Waltz, Sarabande, Mazurka, Polka, Gavotte.
- 4) Poland's currency is: the pfennig, rouble, franc, zloty, krona.
- 5) Poland's chief mineral resource is: iron ore, tin, coal, copper, zinc.
- 6) Poland's famous pianist-statesman was: Rubinstein, Pilsudski, Paderewski, Menuhin, Tschaikovsky.

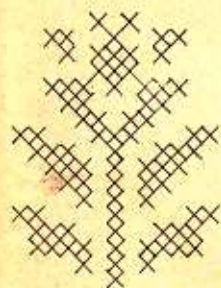
- 1) The majority of Poles are **Catholics**.
- 2) Poland's most important river is the **Vistula**.
- 3) The national dance of Poland is the **Mazurka**.
- 4) Poland's currency is the **Zloty**.
- 5) Poland's chief mineral resource is **Coal**.
- 6) Poland's famous pianist-statesman was **Paderewski**.



Get Ready FOR Christmas

Christmas Cards Embroidered

If you are handy with a needle, you can make an exquisite card for a special friend. On a scrap of satin, silk, or linen, embroider a dainty Christmas design.



Fold a piece of paper twice and on the front cut a window a little smaller than your piece of cloth. Paste the cloth to the paper behind the window. Make an envelope.

Potato Printed

The humble potato offers countless possibilities for those who aren't much good at embroidery.

You can print attractive letterpaper, Christmas cards and matching envelopes or gift-wrapping paper with your own design by making a stamp from a potato. If you want a 2-colour design, you can make two stamps.

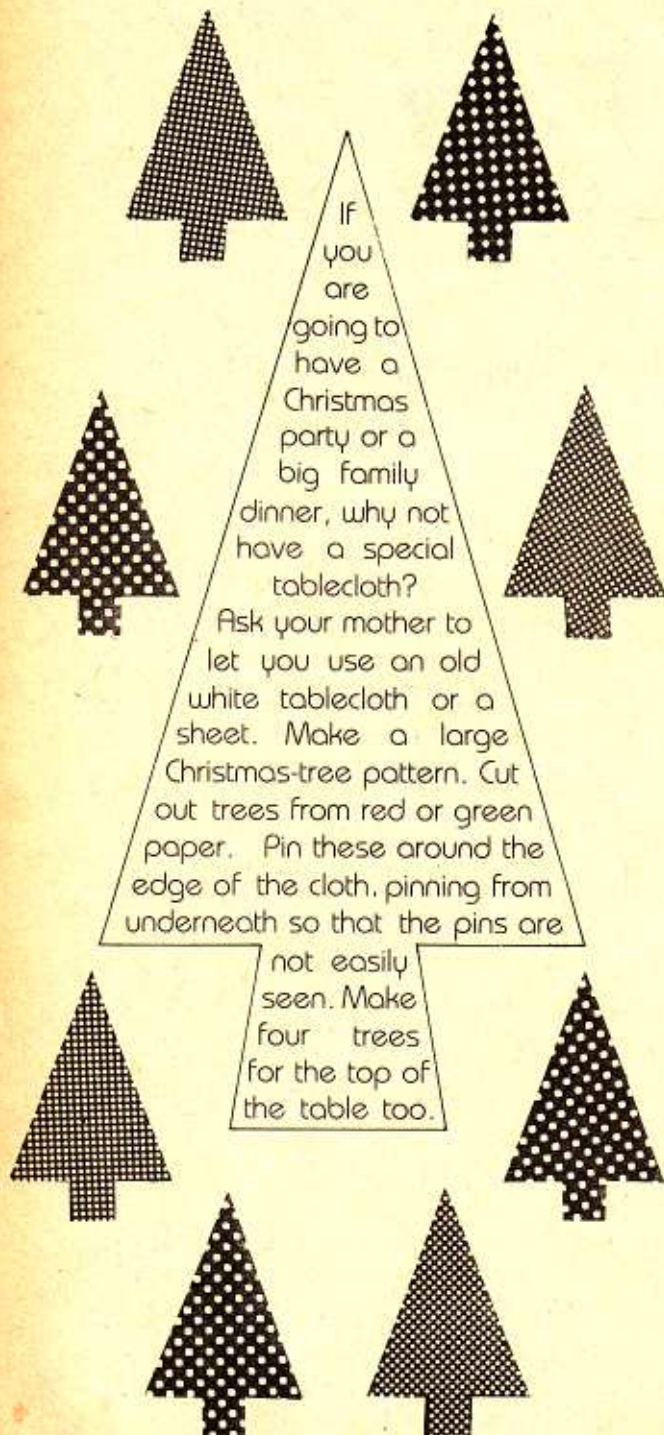
Draw or trace a simple design on paper.

Take potato and cut a slice large enough to hold the design easily. Lay your design on the potato and with any sharp object prick the outline. Then with a knife cut the outline. Next cut away the potato outside the design for a depth of at least an eighth of an inch.

Now your potato can be used as a stamp.



A Christmas Tablecloth



A Bone Candle Holder

Want to make something different?

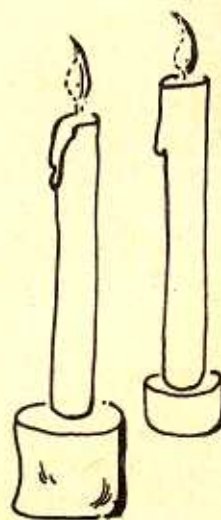
Try this:

Buy two pieces of hollow bone (These are the ones with marrow in the middle). Have the bones cut to about 2" deep. A long bone can be sawed in half by the butcher.

Boil the bone until all the meat falls off. Scrape the bone clean with a kitchen knife, then dry it and smooth with sand paper.

To make the candle fit in the hole, put the bone on to a piece of metal. Drop in some liquid wax and then press the candle through the hole. The wax will harden and anchor the candle. If you do not have wax, fill the hole with clay and set your candle in that.

If you have any red or green enamel paint, you can paint your bone holder with a solid colour or a decorative design.



Party Games

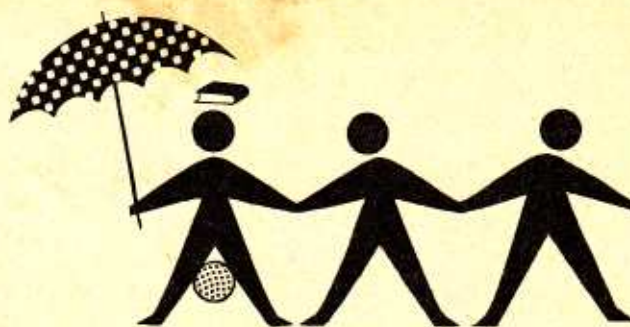
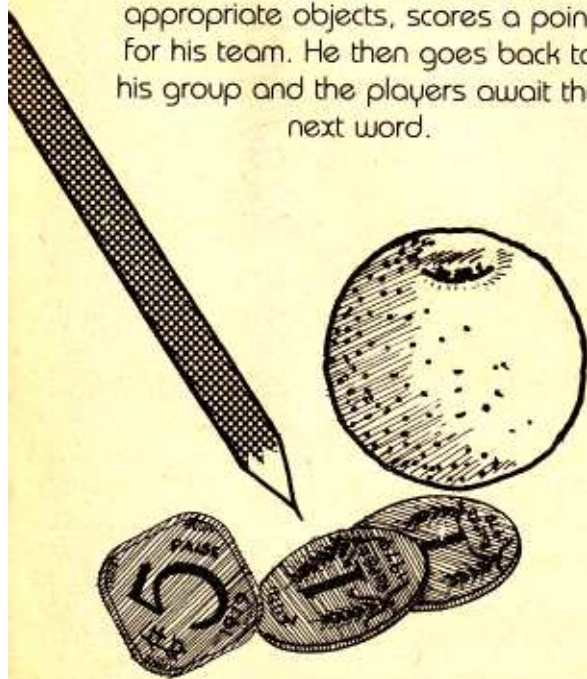
Treasure Hunt With a Difference

Divide your party into groups of any number between four and eight. Each group appoints a Captain. A table and a tray are required for each group.

You, as leader, call out a word, and immediately the members of each group have to find and place on the tray articles whose names start with the letters of the word.

Suppose you call out 'Mop' the players will have to find three objects, one beginning with M, one with O and one with P. Money, orange and a pencil will do.

The first group Captain to present you with a tray containing the appropriate objects, scores a point for his team. He then goes back to his group and the players await the next word.



Travelling Under Difficulties

Here is a game that will make everyone laugh, when it is not their turn.

You need two or more teams, each of which is divided into two parts, at opposite ends of the room. Number the people in the teams ONE, THREE, FIVE, etc. Facing TWO, FOUR, SIX at the other end. Number ONE in each team is given a rubber ball, which must be held between the knees, a book to be carried on the head, and an open umbrella.

At the word 'Go', number ONE travels to his team across the room. 'Travel' is the only word that can be used, as unless you have played this, you cannot imagine the extraordinary movements the victims make! To keep the balls from falling the players have to keep their knees tightly closed. If a ball drops, or the book falls off the head, the player has to go back and start again. As soon as number ONE has completed the journey, number TWO from the team starts off and so the first team home wins ... if anyone cares by then!

Merry
Christmas
to you!!



Answers on page 62

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED STUDY, SIMLA EXPERT COMMITTEE FOR RESTRUCTURING AND REORGANISING ITS PROGRAMMES AND ACTIVITIES

The Government of India has appointed a Committee under the Chairmanship of Shri Krishna Kripalani, to work out the details for restructuring and reorganising the programmes and activities of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Simla. The other members of the Committee are Dr. V.S. Jha, an eminent educationist; Prof. T.M.P. Mahadevan, former Professor of Philosophy, University of Madras; Prof. Alam Khundmiri, Visiting Professor, Kashmir University; Prof. R.K. Mishra, Professor, All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi; Dr. P.L. Malhotra, Dean of Colleges, Delhi University, and Shri Kireet Joshi, Educational Advisor to the Government of India.

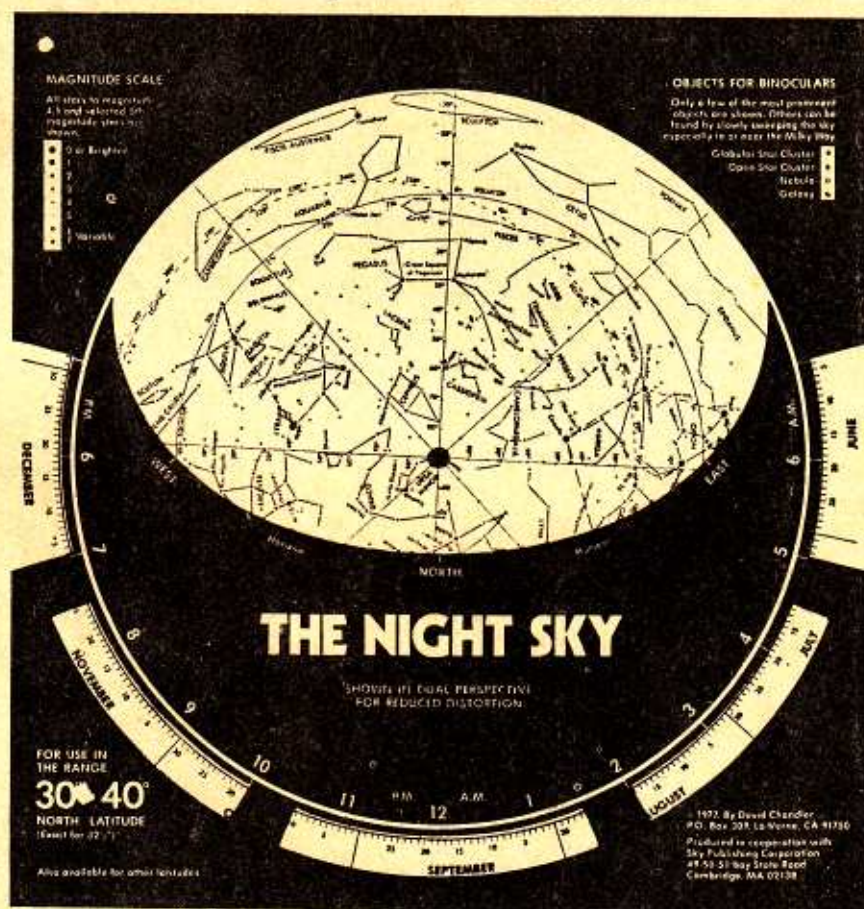
The Committee would welcome any suggestions, views or advice on reorganisation and restructuring of the Institute from those who are familiar with its

activities, with particular reference to matters like the principal objectives and areas of activities that the Institute should concentrate upon, linkages with Universities and other institutions, the location of the Institution etc. Suggestions and views may kindly be sent to the Member-Secretary of the Committee, Shri Kireet Joshi, Educational Advisor, Ministry of Education and Culture, Shastri Bhavan, New Delhi, before 30th November, 1980.

Member-Secretary
IIAS Committee
Ministry of Education & Culture
Room No. 301, Shastri Bhavan,
New Delhi.

davp 511(82)/80

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Isaac Bashevis Singer

Readers will remember the two very enjoyable stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer which SUNSHINE recently printed — **Utzel & His Daughter Poverty** (Dec. '79) and **Shrewd Todle & Lyser the Miser** (Aug. '80).

Singer was born in Poland in 1904. At the age of 31 he followed his brother to America and settled in New York where he lives to this day. This Polish Jew writes all his stories in Yiddish which is the colloquial language of the Jews of Europe, and his stories are mostly about the lives of 'ordinary' people. In 1978, Singer was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The following extracts, from an interview in the **Saturday Review** of New York, give us insights into the outlook of this famous writer.



Q. Did you always know that you wanted to be a writer?

A. You might say so. My father was a

writer, in a way. He was a rabbi, but he wrote religious books, and my older brother, I.J. Singer, began to write while I

was still a child. So I decided I had to be a writer too. When I was a little boy in cheder (Hebrew school), I used to boast to my friends that I was going to write a book.

Q. How did you begin?

A. When I was 12 or so, I wrote an imitation of one of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, which I read in Yiddish. But it wasn't until I was 19 or 20 that I really started, first in Hebrew and then in Yiddish. Hebrew wasn't a living language then, as it is today, so I decided to write in Yiddish, the language I spoke.

Q. That was a brave decision.

A. Hebrew was considered a more honorable language. But it was a literary language, not a spoken one. In the eyes of others, my decision to write in Yiddish was a great handicap for me. The number of potential readers was diminishing, and anyway Yiddish readers are not, as a rule, as cultured as readers in English or French or even in Hebrew. But I said to myself, this is my language, here I will fail or succeed, and so I kept on writing, with decision, not despair, no matter what happened.

Q. Do you feel that there are nuances in your work which your English-language readers are missing?

A. I have many translators, and after they have done an English approximation I go to work on it, in English, myself. This going over again and again helps me not to lose as much in translation as other writers do. If I didn't know English and couldn't take part in translating my work, I don't think I'd have many readers today.

Q. Do you think of your English and Yiddish audiences differently?

A. I don't think about an audience at all. I think about a story. I am my own first

reader, and pleasing me is a hard job. If a story doesn't satisfy me, I have a good friend under my desk: the wastepaper basket.

Q. You are unusual as a serious writer in that your audience isn't only educated people. The man who runs the Laundromat I use, for instance, is a big fan of yours.

A. The truth is, the man who runs the Laundromat knows as much about life as I do. He may not know Hebrew or Aramaic, but he's lived. A real writer can reach almost everyone with his words.

Q. You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of characters. I have the impression that people are drawn to pour out their life stories to you.

A. All the time! The moment I ask, out comes a story. Sometimes even before I ask. And if they ask me, I tell them mine. The passion of the writer exists in everyone of us. We don't want our experience to be ours alone, we want others to know about it too, to share it. I listen to the story, I understand it as best I can, I store it up in my memory, and someday it comes back to me. You can erase a recording machine, but you cannot erase anything from the brain.

Q. Do you still learn from other writers?

A. Most of what I learn now comes from life, not literature. The writers of this century, after all, are not the writers of the 19th century. We don't have Tolstoy and Dostoyevskys and Flauberts. However, this century is not finished yet.

Q. What are you working on now?

A. My new novel is a kind of fantasy, set in the time when the Poles stopped being hunters and began to work the fields, some time before they accepted

Christianity. It's called *The King of the Fields*. I call it a fantasy because there's very little historical information about this era, so I've had to use my imagination. But when I read it, I feel that in some way it has the element — or at least the smell — of reality.

Q. You're a famous writer. You've won the Nobel Prize. Do you think about whether you'll be read in a hundred years?

A. I hope that when people a hundred years from now ask, "What happened to the Polish Jews in the 20th century that is now so far away," someone will answer, "If you read Isaac Singer you may find some clue."

Q. What do you think about the future of fiction?

A. I will tell you. There is a future both for excellent writers and for very bad writers. There will always be an audience

for good literature and for cheap literature. But the prospect for middlebrow or average fiction looks very dark, because its audience will get more and more of its entertainment from films and television and perhaps from media we don't know yet. So when a young writer sits down at his desk today, he should say, either I'm going to write for the best or the worst. He should never try to appeal to the reader who has little taste and big pretensions, because this reader is going to disappear, I wish.

Q. What kind of writing do you mean, exactly?

A. I mean the books that appear, day in, day out, but writers who more or less know their trade but have no real talent. This sort of book doesn't entertain and it doesn't really teach, and it is always the result of a vogue. A good book, on the other hand is unique. ■

Poster Contest 1980

Make a picture poster that features various significant personalities and events from the year 1980. You can draw and/or paste printed pictures to compose your posters. Use meaningful pictures. Try to have them in some special place doing something special.

Make the poster as big as you like, and make it attractive.

Send in your Posters by January 30

5 Points for the best entry





20 (Margaret Mead)

was Chief Ufuti's wife. There were also a daughter, Fa'amotu, two sons, a baby boy, a small girl named Tulip, and several guests from another island.

Here, in front of all these waiting people, Margaret had to go through the ceremony of politeness for which Butterfly had so carefully coached her during the past difficult weeks.

It began with Chief Ufuti saying, "May you most honorably enter."

In a courteous singing tone Margaret replied, "I have humbly come saving the presence of your lordship and her who sits in the back of the house."

"Alas for the coming hither of your ladyship,"

Nov./Dec. '80

said Chief Ufuti. "There is nothing good in the house."


"Oh, let the matter rest," replied Margaret, "it is of no consequence whatever."

Then a fresh coconut was served to her, and Margaret was accepted as a daughter of the household. From now on her name was not Margaret, but Makelita.

When it was time for sleep, the women took thin woven mats from the rafters. Makelita was to share a bed with her new "sister", Fa'amotu. The girls piled mat upon mat, until their bed was raised several inches above the gray pebbles of the floor. Makelita politely did not use her little silk pillow, since Fa'amotu brought out snowy linen and two white pillows for the bed. Makelita's pillow was beautifully embroidered with red roses but it was hard as a dry sponge.

From the first night, Makelita was accepted as a Samoan girl. In the morning she helped to put the bed mats back up onto the rafters of the house. Using a stiff, short-handled broom she swept the floor of water-worn coral pebbles. She soon learned to sit cross-legged on a mat, and to eat with her fingers from a mat. She became skilled in weaving these coarse mats, which were in constant use as tables, beds, and chairs.

Ufuti assigned Lolo, the talking chief, to teach Makelita the manners a Samoan girl should know. She learned that speaking on one's feet within the house

 over

was unforgivably rude. She learned to sit cross-legged for hours without squirming or complaining.

In Samoa all the babies were taken care of by girls between the ages of six and ten. The older girls went into the plantations with their mothers to cultivate sugar cane and taro. Or they fished for crabs along the reefs at low tide. When a girl was about twelve she would begin the weaving of one especially large, fine mat which would be her trousseau when she married. It took many years to complete such a mat, but no girl was in a hurry to finish it. In fact, hurrying was bad manners. The Samoans called it, "Talking above your age."

Life in the village of the Turtle and the Shark was very pleasant. But Makelita had to meet other people in other villages. It was time to move on.

For many months Makelita continued her careful study of the fifty girls who lived on three coastal villages of the island of Tau in Manu's Archipelago. With the other girls, Makelita cultivated sugar cane and brought coral rubble from the seashore to sprinkle over the floor. She wove garlands of flowers and danced to the chanting of voices and the soft clapping of hands at twilight. She walked barefoot over the sandy beaches and went fishing at night by torchlight. She ate taro and green banana baked in hot ashes. She ate eel and land crabs and raw tuitui fish that tasted like custard.

During this time, Makelita filled page after page of her notebook with details about the girls and their families. She came to know how they spent their days and nights, and who their best friends were; what they thought about themselves, and about growing up and getting married. She drew little sketches in her notebooks to show how a pattern was traced onto bark cloth, or how to use an eel trap.

At last Margaret Mead said good-by to her "brothers and sisters," "relatives" and friends in Samoa. She returned to New York and joined the staff of the American Museum of Natural History. Here, sitting in a small office up under the eaves, she set about turning her mass of notes into a book.

The book, called *Coming of Age in Samoa* described how peacefully Samoan girls grew up. They did not suffer the stresses and strains most American girls know, because their culture did not pull them this way and that with conflicting goals.

But long before she knew how popular her book would be, young Dr. Mead and her blue baby pillow had left the country on another field trip. This time they visited the sweltering Admiralty Islands, north of New Guinea. Although she was ill with malaria about a third of the time, Dr. Mead studied the Manus children, faithfully observed Manus taboos, and learned to use shells and dogs' teeth for money.

Again she was able to write a book about a vanishing society. *Growing Up in New Guinea* described the brown-skinned Manus people who lived in houses built on stilts over the sea and raised their children to become worried, money-minded businessmen like themselves.

Margaret Mead studied three more New Guinea tribes. She found the Arapesh people were peaceable, humorous, and loving toward their children. On the other hand, the angry Mundugumor adults treated children roughly and raised them to become headhunters and cannibals like themselves. Among the Tchambuli the men arranged their hair in delicate curls, walked with mincing steps, and loved to carve beautiful wooden objects. The women were the ones who chose their mates and held the purse strings.

In March, 1936, Dr. Mead was married to an English anthropologist, Gregory Bateson. After their wedding the couple

traveled to Bali. Dr. Mead made her usual careful study of the way Balinese children grew up, while Dr. Bateson took 28,000 photographs and thousands of feet of motion pictures.

In the course of thirty-seven years, Dr. Mead took nine major field trips and learned seven South Sea languages. She published dozens of books and articles. She became a popular lecturer all over the United States, Europe, and Australia, sometimes delivering eighty talks a year. She also continued her work with the American Museum of Natural History and taught anthropology at Columbia University in New York.

Many of Dr. Mead's findings upset long-held ideas, for she taught that it is not "human nature" but custom which causes us to organize our family life and raise our children as we do. The vividly different people of the world, in the endless variety of their customs, are really all doing the

same kinds of things: "They marry and bring up their children. They know how to find food and how to keep order and how to give their children some idea of what man is."

She realized that all people, no matter where or when they lived, no matter how simple their society, were first of all human beings like herself. "Though they knew nothing about writing or higher mathematics or the natural sciences or the great religions, the differences between what they are and what I am," she said, "have come about because of what I was able to learn in a highly civilized society and what they were able to learn in a little faraway society."

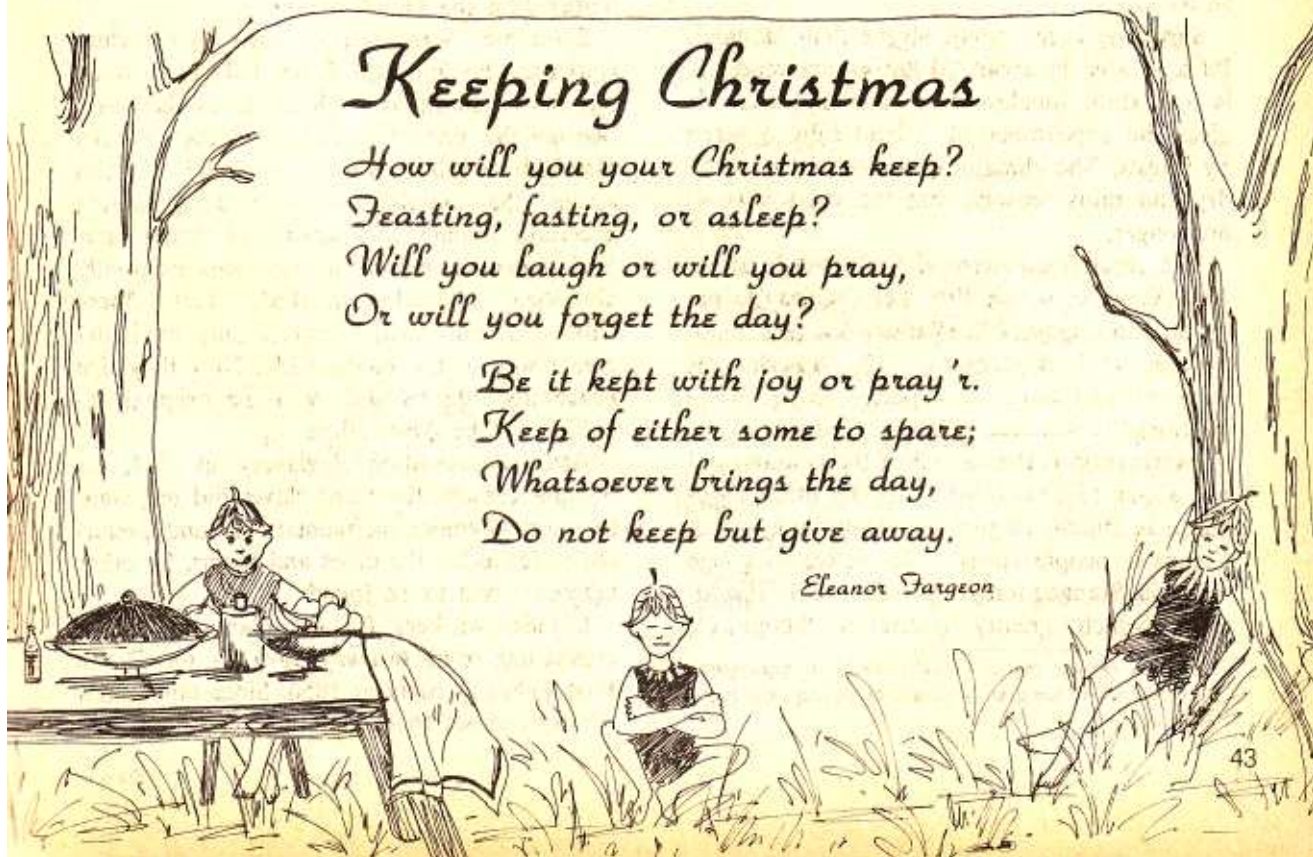
These discoveries of anthropology serve as hopeful signposts to the future. To know that the peoples of the world are infinitely varied but that people everywhere, are the same is a giant step toward tolerance and peace on earth. ■

Keeping Christmas

*How will you your Christmas keep?
Feasting, fasting, or asleep?
Will you laugh or will you pray,
Or will you forget the day?*

*Be it kept with joy or pray'r.
Keep of either some to spare;
Whatsoever brings the day,
Do not keep but give away.*

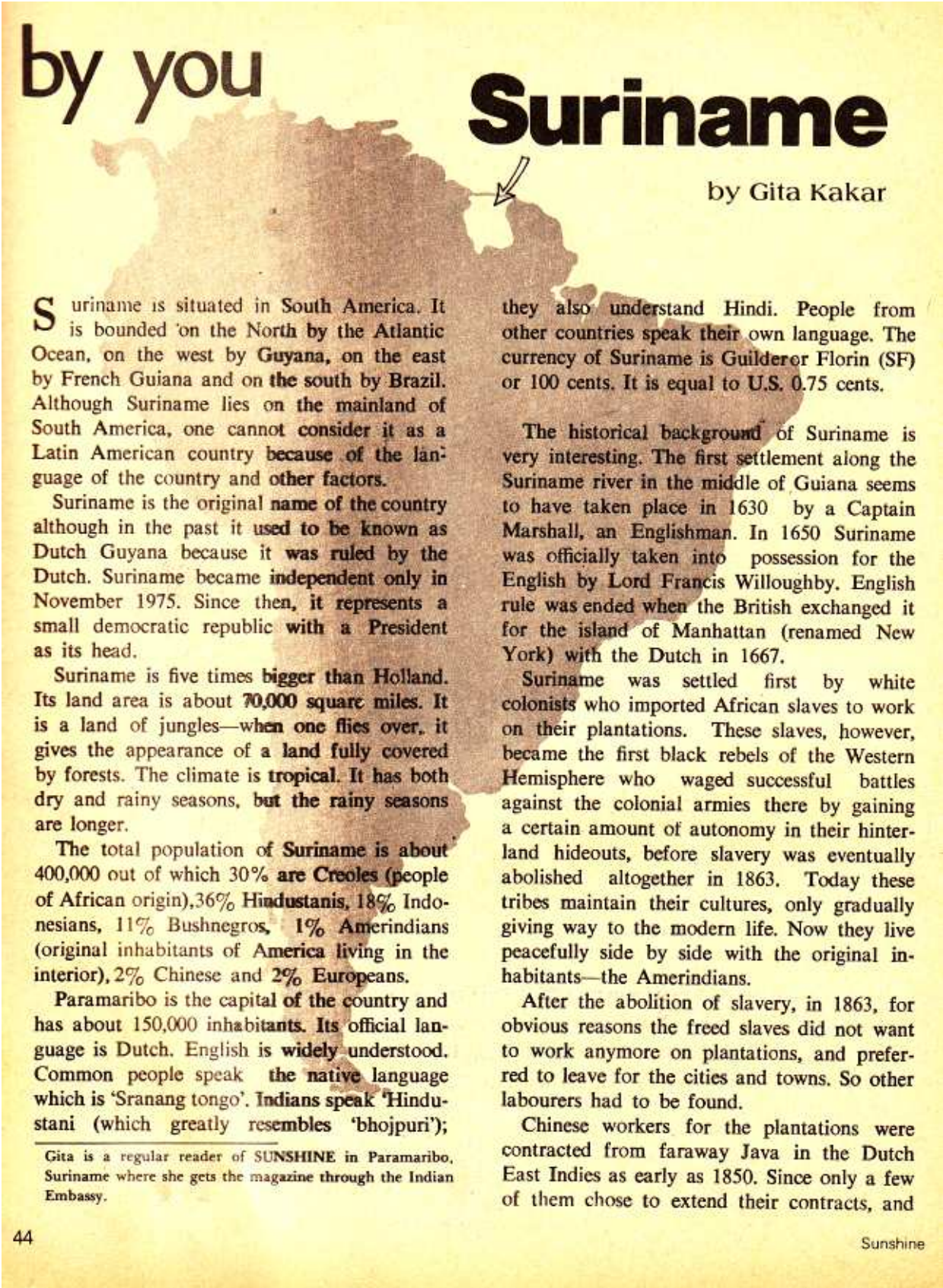
Eleanor Farjeon



by you

Suriname

by Gita Kakar



Suriname is situated in South America. It is bounded on the North by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by Guyana, on the east by French Guiana and on the south by Brazil. Although Suriname lies on the mainland of South America, one cannot consider it as a Latin American country because of the language of the country and other factors.

Suriname is the original name of the country although in the past it used to be known as Dutch Guyana because it was ruled by the Dutch. Suriname became independent only in November 1975. Since then, it represents a small democratic republic with a President as its head.

Suriname is five times bigger than Holland. Its land area is about 70,000 square miles. It is a land of jungles—when one flies over, it gives the appearance of a land fully covered by forests. The climate is tropical. It has both dry and rainy seasons, but the rainy seasons are longer.

The total population of Suriname is about 400,000 out of which 30% are Creoles (people of African origin), 36% Hindustanis, 18% Indonesians, 11% Bushnegros, 1% Amerindians (original inhabitants of America living in the interior), 2% Chinese and 2% Europeans.

Paramaribo is the capital of the country and has about 150,000 inhabitants. Its official language is Dutch. English is widely understood. Common people speak the native language which is 'Sranang tongo'. Indians speak 'Hindustani' (which greatly resembles 'bhojpuri');

Gita is a regular reader of SUNSHINE in Paramaribo, Suriname where she gets the magazine through the Indian Embassy.

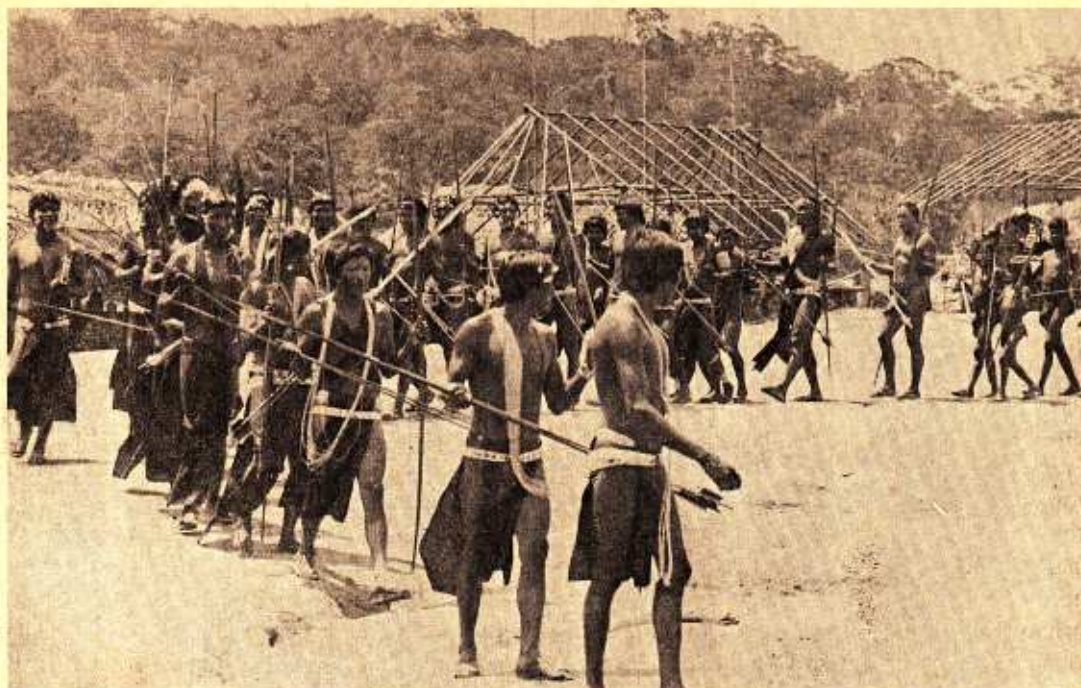
they also understand Hindi. People from other countries speak their own language. The currency of Suriname is Guilder or Florin (SF) or 100 cents. It is equal to U.S. 0.75 cents.

The historical background of Suriname is very interesting. The first settlement along the Suriname river in the middle of Guiana seems to have taken place in 1630 by a Captain Marshall, an Englishman. In 1650 Suriname was officially taken into possession for the English by Lord Francis Willoughby. English rule was ended when the British exchanged it for the island of Manhattan (renamed New York) with the Dutch in 1667.

Suriname was settled first by white colonists who imported African slaves to work on their plantations. These slaves, however, became the first black rebels of the Western Hemisphere who waged successful battles against the colonial armies there by gaining a certain amount of autonomy in their hinterland hideouts, before slavery was eventually abolished altogether in 1863. Today these tribes maintain their cultures, only gradually giving way to the modern life. Now they live peacefully side by side with the original inhabitants—the Amerindians.

After the abolition of slavery, in 1863, for obvious reasons the freed slaves did not want to work anymore on plantations, and preferred to leave for the cities and towns. So other labourers had to be found.

Chinese workers for the plantations were contracted from faraway Java in the Dutch East Indies as early as 1850. Since only a few of them chose to extend their contracts, and



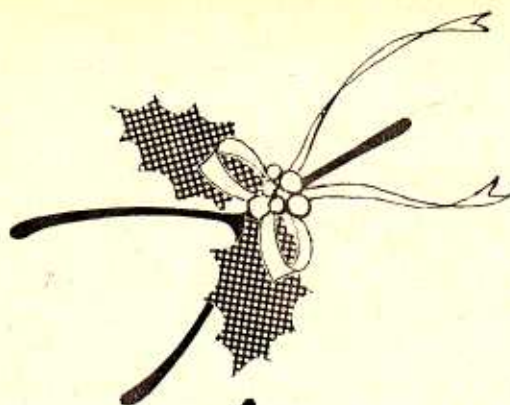
the available number was not enough to meet the demand, other solutions had to be found. After immigration of labourers from the Barbados islands proved unsuccessful, permission was negotiated from the British to recruit labourers from India. Beginning in 1873 regular batches of Indians, partly Hindu and partly Muslims arrived in the country. They proved to be good workers. To retain them as permanent immigrants after their contract expired, the Government offered them several inducements. Although many returned to their home country, most of the Indians settled as independent farmers on the land granted to them. The recruitment of Indians met more and more opposition in India itself and was finally stopped by Britain during the First World War. The last ship with about 300 contracted labourers from India arrived in 1916. By that time the Indians already formed an important part of the population.

Suriname is a land where people of all races and religion live together. Everyone has the liberty to practise his own religion. Along with churches and mosques, Hindu temples

are also found all over the country. The prayers are said in Hindi. Hindi programmes are very often presented on radio and television. A Radio Station 'Radika' relays Hindi songs and other programmes all the time. Among Indian feasts Diwali and Holi are very gaily celebrated in Suriname. Holi is included among the National Holidays of this country. Several cinemas in Paramaribo exclusively show Hindi feature films that are imported from India.

The local people dress either in modern clothes or according to their racial origin. Hindustani women sometimes wear the 'sari', while Indonesians often wear 'sarongs'. In the interior, Bushnegro and the Amerindian women are usually nude from the waist up. Their menfolk commonly wear only a loin cloth.

People of Indian origin still maintain their Indian culture whereas other people in Suriname have adopted European and American culture. The standard of living of the educated and well-to-do people is of North-American standard. ■



A Christmas Wish Contest

If on Christmas morning you found you had been given a wish — not an enormous, far-reaching one, but a small, friendly one which allowed you to do or arrange for something extra specially nice to happen in your home on that particular day, what would you wish? Tell us in not less than 50 words and not more than 100 words.

Upto 5 points will be awarded for the nicest wish told in the nicest way. (We hope these are wishes that you would really like to come true)

Last Date : January 30



Answers to Riddles

1. Because it follows a regular beat.
2. Safe robbery.
3. A pavement.
4. A fountain.
5. They have so many fans.
6. You're too young to smoke.
7. A coin.
8. You can count on me.
9. A keyhole.
10. A timetable.






Nov./Dec. '80

concealed panel. The faint light from the wash-room glimmered on the steel pipes and again he sensed that menacing scent. He hesitated, then quickly pushed himself through the opening and into the chamber beyond. He might just do it. He pulled himself up, shutting his eyes tight to keep out the sting of the fumes, reached the top of the clustering pipes and wriggled across, thanking his stars that they were smooth, slippery almost. Then with a heave he was over and tumbling down into the luggage bay. For a moment or two he lay sprawled among the suitcases and packages, wondering whether he had done himself any damage in his fall, but he felt nothing worse than a banged shin. At least he'd made little noise.

He looked for the door — and had a quick moment of terror when he saw only darkness. Had the hijackers shut it again? He felt his way across the luggage bay till he touched the metal fuselage. Groping along it, he came to a crack, it widened at his touch and he saw a star. He pushed, the door moved silently back, he looked down and saw the gleam of water.

The torch beam shone out, flickered over the fuselage and down to the sea and Jason ducked back — but he was safe in the belly of the aircraft, and that torchlight beam had shown him the surface of the water, no more than five feet below him. He slipped off his shoes, tied the laces together and hung the shoes round his neck, turned and lowered himself backwards till he was propped by his forearms. He swung his foot but still could not feel the water. He was gasping with apprehension. He was being too slow, but if he just let go the splash would alert that hijacker with the torch. He tried to lower himself by his hands, but there was nothing to grasp, only the smooth metal of the door, and it was moving, sliding away as he grabbed it.

The torch shone out on the fuselage above him. Jason grabbed for a handhold to pull himself up before the beam swept down and caught

 Over

his dangling legs, but his hand slipped and he fell with a heavy splash into the sea.

A torch beam flickered wildly across the water, trying to locate him; he heard a voice in Japanese, calling from high up; there was an answering shout of 'Hail' and then the splashes of someone running into the shallows and hitting the surface in a flat racing dive. Jason shot along the seabed like an otter, feet and hands working rhythmically, angling away from the aircraft and out to his left, towards the rocky promontory sticking out into the sea at the far end of the beach.

Just before his breath gave out, he slowed down, let himself drift to the surface and looked back. Sixty yards behind him the great aircraft bulked high against the trees. He trod water for a moment, blinking sea-water from his eyes and taking long deep breaths. He was clear. He floated, letting his heart-thumps subside when he saw something which set his blood racing again. Against the metal of the fuselage a small dark blob appeared outlined on the water. It vanished and reappeared, this time rather closer to him. He dashed the water from his eyes and stared harder. It was a head. Whoever it was who had done that racing dive into the sea had seen him, and was turning towards him.

Jason turned and set off at a fast crawl. He had to get distance between himself and his pursuer. He swam confidently — he'd show this fellow! Fifty yards on, he paused in his stroke to look back, and felt a shock of surprise. The round dark blob was nearer. Though still huge on the beach the aircraft seemed suddenly remote, the stretch of dark water between might have been a hundred miles instead of a hundred

yards. Jason began thrashing through the water, swimming clumsily and panting with effort.

He changed direction once more, not towards the promontory beyond the aircraft but away from it, hoping that in the darkness and by swimming with little splash he'd shake off his pursuer, but a quick glance back showed that dark blob turning to follow. It was uncanny. He felt the first stab of despair and had to check himself from thrashing out wildly again, and then he realized: his vest — he still wore his white vest!

He turned back towards the promontory, swimming furiously and with that head turning to follow him, but with every third or fourth stroke Jason snatched at his vest, pulling it farther and farther up till it was up round his shoulders. At last he got an arm out; then, slowing down a moment, dragged the vest over his head. Leaving it floating, a pale patch on the water, he dived away from it and turned again, straight out to sea. A safe distance away he surfaced, lungs bursting and arms trembling with strain.

But fear and prudence conquered his fatigue; he swam on, seeing another beach, the image of the one which held the aircraft — another long, anonymous beach. The tide was still on the make. At last he let himself drift in, eyes just above the surface. The long sweep of pale sand was empty. Beyond it the trees were in total darkness. He drifted in till his knees trailed against sand. He rested in the shallows, only the top of his head above the water, then after some minutes stood up and dashed for the line of trees. He tripped over a fallen palm frond in the dark, rolled over, pushed himself up, found he was on short grass, turned and hurried stumbling along it and slithered



Poonam Gidh



Malini Panchapagesan

'Original Postcard Contest'

August 1980

- 5 Points** ✓ : **Poonam Gidh** 5895,
Malini Panchapagesan 10720.
- 4 Points** ✓ : **Vijayanta Kapil** 5807,
Mohan Dutt 10774.
- 3 Points** ✓ : **Prisca Pereira** 6561/12,
✓ **Rohit Sanghui** 10081,
✓ **Suparna Dutt** 10844.
- 2. Points** ✓ : **Bhavin Sheth** 3319,
✓ **Geeta Dhingra** 10758.
- 1 Point** ✓ : **Gavin Pereira** 10905,
✓ **A.K. Uma** 10549/21,
✓ **Urmila Kanawade** 10836,
✓ **Nitin Varu** 10622,
✓ **Sangeeta Karmarkar** 10060, **Shilpa**
✓ **Shringarpure** 5148/1.

Sunshine-Eagle Flask Quiz Contest 'If you were a Biographer'

August 1980

- 1st. Prize** : **Ivor D'Souza**, 3018/2,
Mangalore.
- 2nd. Prize** : **Thankam Moozhayil**,
3950/33, Patna.
- 3rd. Prize.** : **C.R. Rajesh**, 10222,
Bangalore.
- 4 Points** ✓ : **Milan Chatterjee** 8756,
✓ **Vijayanta Kapil** 5807.
- 3 Points** : **Vikash Khandelwal**
10970, **Malini**
Panchapagesan 10720,
Mohan Dutt 10774,
Suresh Gopinath 6188.
- 2 Points** : **Preeti Jayaswal** 3950/10,
✓ **Raju** 9493, **Poonam Gidh**
5895, **Gerard Fernandez**
10929, **Geeta Dhingra**
10758.
- 1 Point** : **Grandhi Prabhakar**
977/83, **Subhashree Roy**
Choudhury 3950/13,
✓ **Rohini Anand** 10630,
✓ **Suparna Dutt** 10844,
✓ **Sarbani Kar** 3950/12,
✓ **Rohit Sanghui** 10081,
✓ **Aparna Singh** 3950/3.

Sunshine-Eagle Flask Quiz Contest Poland

September 1980

- 1st Prize** ✓: **RAJU**, 9493, Fertilizer City.
2nd Prize ✓: **DEEPA K. MOHAN**, 10791, Rourkela.
3rd Prize ✓: **NAGINI RAM**, 6268/3, Rourkela.
4 Points ✓: **Vijayanta Kapil**, 5807, ✓ **Milan Chatterjee** 5756.
3 Points ✓: **Suresh Gopinath** 6188, ✓ **Sunil Shroff** 977/2, ✓ **Mohan Dutt** 10774, ✓ **Purnima U. Mallya** 10898, ✓ **Geeta Dhingra** 10758.
2 Points ✓: **Alok Tibrewal** 10271, ✓ **Saumyajit Basu** 6620/215, ✓ **K.V. Ganesh Prasad** 10102, ✓ **Ganesh R. Khandpekar** 10963, ✓ **Rohit Sanghui** 10081, ✓ **Thankam Moozhayil** 3950/33, ✓ **Rekha L. Naidu** 10549/37, ✓ **Rajashree Kolhe** 10811.
1 Point ✓: **Charles W. Deva Kumar** 2956, ✓ **Flora Nunes** 3417/402, ✓ **Nitin Bhatt** 10604, ✓ **Niraj N. Pradhan** 10865.

Sunshine-Camel Colour Contest

September 1980

- 1st Prize** : **GITA NAIR**, Bulsar
2nd Prize : **SANGEET KUKREJA**, Atul
3rd Prize : **MANISH R. GADIA**, Pune

5 Consolation Prizes

Nayana J. Patel, Mount Abu; **Deepal Sarvadaman Pachal**, Ahmedabad; **Anis Shahmiri**, Srinagar; **Sandeep Marwaha**, New Delhi; **Sandeep Gupta**, Dhanbad.

10 Certificates

Surya Prabha, Cochin; **Sona Kapadia**, Bombay; **Astrid Fernandes**, Mount Abu; **Amrita Mishra**, Cuttack; **Shiv Ram C. Das**, Karimnagar; **Jean D'Mello**, Pune; **Ashif Hussein**, Mangalore; **Andrew Lynn**, Bangalore; **Juliet D'Souza**, Bombay; **Pramod C. Kalsekar**, Pune.

5 SUNSHINE Consolation Prizes

Firdaus J. Namirani, Bombay; **Balkrishnan Singh**, Chandigarh; **Conrad Stephen**, Bombay; **Pramila Pralhadrao Pangarkar**, Sonpeth; **Aparna Ramaswamy**, Bombay.

Sunshine Points System

Only REGISTERED SUBSCRIBERS (your S.R. No. is printed on the top of each wrapper) can win points for the following:

- Contributions accepted and published in the BY YOU Section.
- Reports from Special Correspondents.
- Answers to "Think and Write" exercises.
- Winning essays or poems in SUNSHINE contests.
- Correct Solutions to Quizzes.

In each case we announce, in advance, the number of Points awarded. We keep the scores of all who win Points. In August every year we encash the points of those who have accumulated 9 points and over. **Each is worth 50 paise.** The points of those who have less than 9 are carried over into the next year.

So, send in your solutions, BY YOU contributions, reports and replies and see how many points you can collect before August '81.

DO NOT FORGET TO QUOTE YOUR S.R. NO. WITH EACH ENTRY YOU SEND.

into a shallow depression, between tufts of coarse grass and bushes. The dense forest was still twenty yards away but here he was within the palm line, in black shadow. In the depression the surface of the sand was dew-damp and chilly, but, underneath, it still bore the sun's warmth. Hastily he scraped a place for himself, got in and swept the warm sand over him. Almost before his head fell back, he was asleep.

Some time after midnight the cold woke him. His trousers had dried on him, and he took them off, wrapped them round his chest and shoulders and lay shivering and longing for dawn and the sun. At last grey light shoved up the dark boles of the palms. It paled and strengthened, the clouds glowed pink then brilliant white, and

as the sun rose the sea turned from grey to blue.

He blinked around sleepily. Now was the time for a good rest, in the warmth of the sun. he glanced idly out to sea and sat up sharply. There was a fishing boat out there, its square sail up and its painted prow shining. That would be better than walking along goodness knows how many beaches! He'd run out and wave to it. He brushed the sand from his chest and ribs, pulled on his trousers, stepped up from the sand hollow — and flung himself down again. A man with cropped black hair was walking briskly along the fringe of seaweed marking the highwater mark, a short, stocky man in shirt and trousers, a sub-machine-gun slung under one arm.

(to be continued)

Recipe

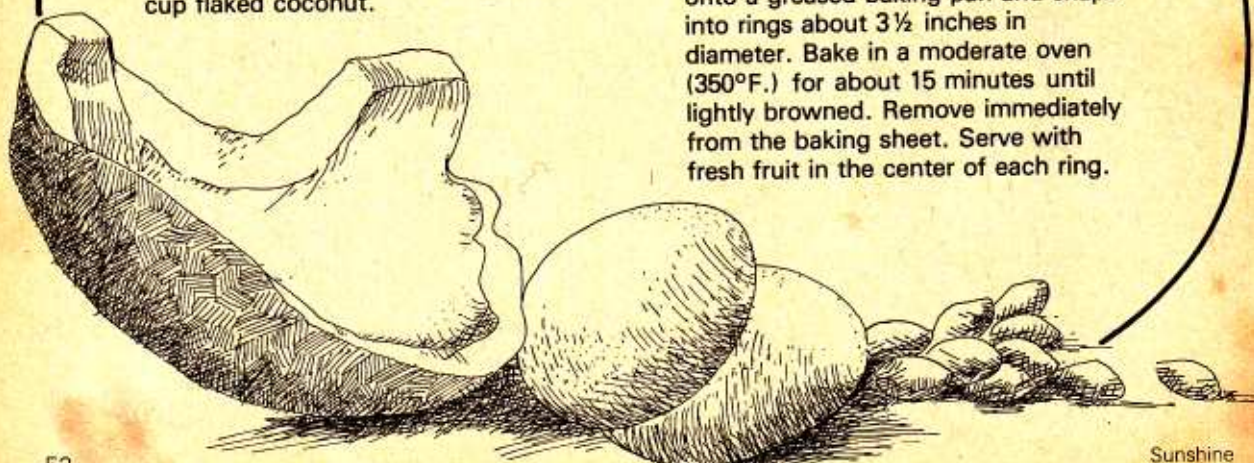
Coconut Corn Rings

Ingredients:

2 egg whites; 2 cups corn flakes; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup chopped nuts; ½ tea-spoon vanilla flavoring; 1 cup flaked coconut.

Method:

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in sugar, vanilla, cornflakes, nuts and coconut. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking pan and shape into rings about 3½ inches in diameter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for about 15 minutes until lightly browned. Remove immediately from the baking sheet. Serve with fresh fruit in the center of each ring.



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your friends for
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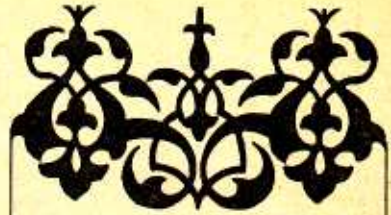
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The King who Became a Star



There once lived a king named Uttanapada who had two wives, Saruchi and Suniti. Saruchi was beautiful to look at but she had an evil mind. Suniti, on the other hand was plain, but of a meek and gentle disposition. Both of them had sons. Sarchi's son was Uttama and Suniti's, Dhruva. The king loved both his sons dearly, but because Saruchi was his favourite, and she despised Suniti and Dhruva, he dared not take much notice of Dhruva.

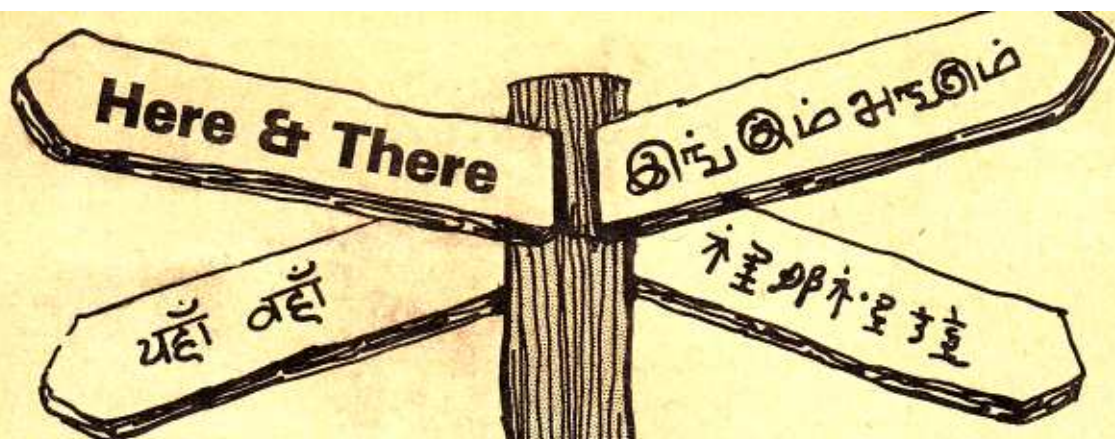
One day when the king held the young prince Uttama on his knee, Dhruva, who was only five, tried to climb on to his father's knee, too. Saruchi, who was standing by, remarked unkindly, "Dhruva, you are not fit for such an honour. If you wish to be equal with my son first go and purify yourself before the Supreme Being."

The boy ran weeping to his mother for comfort. Small as he was, he made up his mind not to take revenge but to go and seek the Presence of the Supreme Being. Suniti blessed him and sent him to the Sage Narada. The sage tried to dissuade the child. "For," he said, "even sages have not been able to concentrate deeply enough in one life time to attain this Peace."

But the boy was filled with determination. So Narada gave him his blessing and sent him on his way.

Dhruva went deep into the forest till he came to a place called Madhuvana. There he sat and meditated, forgetting everything except his desire to have a vision of God. So deep was his meditation that years went by, and he grew to manhood. Then one day he woke out of his trance and beheld a vision in front of him. He was filled with ecstasy and wanted to sing out in praise, but no words could he utter. Then the vision touched him and immediately he broke out into rapturous hymns of praise. Having received this great blessing Dhruva arose to go home.

During all these years, King Uttanapada had mourned for Dhruva, feeling sure that his son had been killed by wild beasts. He was weary of life and longed to lay down office and retire into the forest. When news of Dhruva's return reached him, Uttanapada's joy knew no bounds. He made great preparations to receive the Prince, and himself went on a gaily caparisoned elephant to meet him. A host of Brahmins accompanied the king



The Mercedes-Benz 'thinking' map

At the 1980 Hanover Fair, Daimler-Benz AG exhibited for the first time its research project "Routenrechner". This piece of equipment should in time almost completely replace road maps.

Even before the motorist sets out he can use the device to show him the shortest route to his destination. If he intends to stop somewhere off the main route, the calculator can again show him the best way to plan his journey. This facility is particularly useful whenever a tailback or an accident makes a detour advisable.

The "Routenrechner" practically takes over the function of a map, which is difficult to cope with on a long journey, especially when one is travelling alone. Maps also age and road systems change. Nor can a map do more than show which highways are available — it cannot suggest which is the best route.

With the Daimler-Benz device coded forms are switched through semi-conductors, stored on cassettes or discs in alphabetical order. When the motorist gives the required information the data he requires appears on a screen in the middle of the device on the

dashboard. He can find out when the next junction is coming, how far he is from his destination, how long it should take him to get there and which roads he should use.

Enterprising Bamboo Craftsman

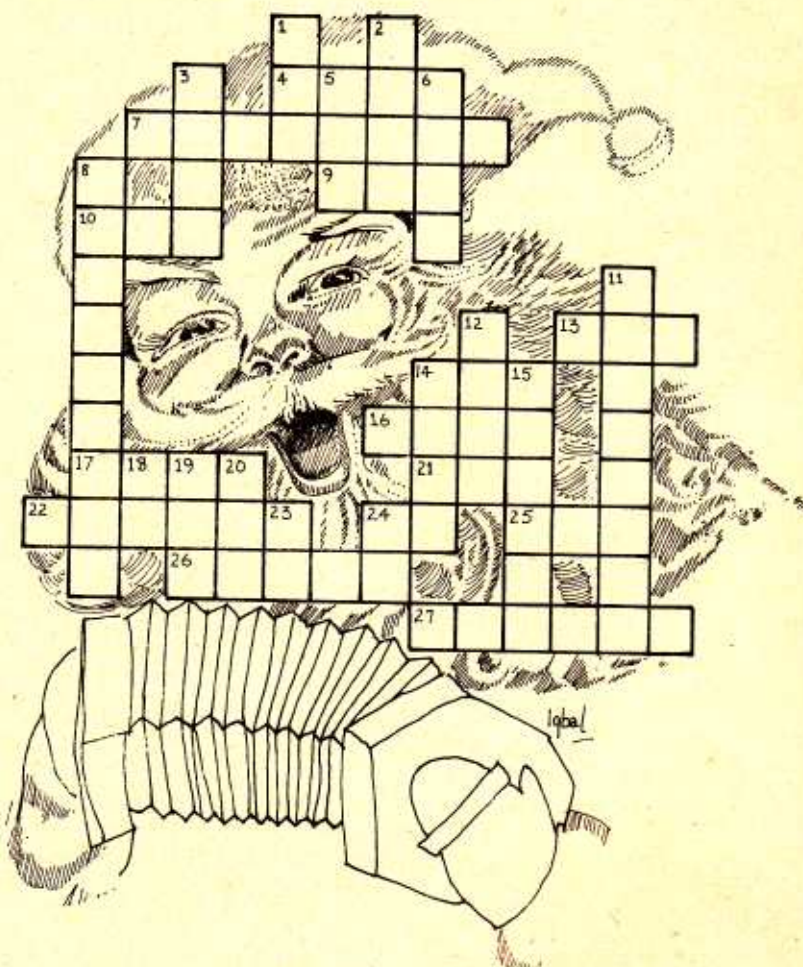
TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Gauranga Debnath belongs to the village of Ranirgaon in the West Tripura district. After completing college he tried his best to get a job, but failed. He was not disheartened and decided instead to go into business. But he had no capital. So Debnath began learning the traditional bamboo craft of Tripura. When he acquired sufficient experience he began selling his finished articles in his village shop. His articles became popular and sales increased. Encouraged, he opened another shop in nearby Agartala. With the tremendous increase in sales, Debnath began to employ some unemployed persons to assist him. As this shop prospered he opened a shop in the Silchar airport in Assam.

Now, successful entrepreneur Debnath employs over fifty people for his bamboo industry, and himself earns over Rs.2,500 a month.

CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

4. Solemn ceremony is partly tiring and confused! (4)
7. A neat lope perhaps describes this creature's movement! (8)
9. Apiary without the confused ray for a news agency. (3)
10. Boat contains grain of cereal. (3)
13. A head of maize for a male swan. (3)
14. A third of a pice for a crusty dish. (3)
16. Average or low-down it's all in your thought. (4)
17. Toss 500 in oil for an object of worship. (4)
21. Light that was. (3)
22. A vessel for one who is prone to agitation? (6)
24. The colloquial ideal thing. (2)
25. A sailor goes back for a rodent! (3)
26. Transactions sealed but confused without a direction! (5)
27. Drip as mixture for fast flowing parts of river! (6)



CLUES DOWN

1. Mineral found over half of Mysore? (3)
2. Above all not just a spinning toy! (4)
3. Famous aircraft found in fighting nations. (4)
5. Fourth come-back attempt got this boxer going back. (3)
6. Heroic poem for a pice perhaps! (4)
8. Join onion camp for mate! (9)
11. Met & coped perhaps contended for a prize! (8)
12. Air India is tops briefly put. (4)
14. Assault with stones for skin. (4)
15. To snare is a pen art perhaps! (6)
18. Dangerously ill shortly no more maybe! (2)
19. Neither young nor new. (3)
20. Take shelter away from the wind in sleep! (3)
23. Ancient God of Egypt found at the end of the Sahara! (2)
24. Singularly here and now. (2)

Answers on page 62

An old lady eyed the chemist doubtfully.
 "I assume," she said, "that you are a fully qualified chemist."
 "Oh, yes, madam."
 "You have passed all the required examinations?"
 "Yes, indeed, madam."
 "You've never poisoned anybody by mistake, have you?"
 "Why, no!"
 "Very well, then, please give me 50 paise worth of cough drops."



Arun: It's predicted that in ten years measles will be unknown.
 Tarun: What a **rash** prediction!

If you're standing on the sidewalk, How could you drop a raw egg 3 feet without breaking the shell and without using anything to cushion the fall?

I give up.

Drop it from a height of 4 feet. It will drop 3 feet without breaking.

Burglar (to belated assistant): You're late. I told you half-past-one.

Young Burglar: I forgot the number of the house. I've had to break into every house on the street.

Fred: I saw a doctor today about my lapses of memory.

Ted: What did he do?

Fred: He insisted that I pay my bill in advance!



Herb: I saw you running to class alongside your bicycle.

Harold: Yes, I was very late and I didn't have time to get on!

Ramu was running on the terrace and making a lot of noise. His mother, who was being disturbed, put her head out of the window and called out, "Ramu, just come down and hear the noise you are making up there."

Doctor: How often does the pain come on?

Patient: Every five minutes.

Doctor: And lasts?

Patient: Well, a quarter of an hour, at least.



First Pelican: Pretty good fish, eh?

Second Pelican: They fill the bill.



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name, age, address, interests, S.R. No., Boy/Girl.

Foreign readers may have their
names printed, in exchange for
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of their country.

Age limit: 18 years.



penfriends

INDIAN

Urmila R. Kanawade (g 13)

Pravara Public School
PRAVARANAGAR
Dt. Ahmednagar, Mah.
Penfriends, reading, stamps.

Purnima U. Mallya (g 14)

138, Perambur High Road
MADRAS 600 012
Stamps, coins, music.

Pankaj D. Damania (b 13)

Tejas C. Patel (b 13)

Both from:
Shree Valabh Ashram,
KILLA PARDI 396 125
Dt. Valsad, Guj.
Stamps, coins.
Stamps, cricket, coins.

Farazdak J. Haideri (b 12)

343/3 Bhawani Peth
11, Shabbir Colony
PUNE 411 002
Stamps, Chess, Table Tennis

Jignesh M. Acharya (b 13)

D.A.Z. — 54
ADIPUR 370 205
Kutch, Guj.
Football, cricket, cycling

Ganesh Iyer (b 13)

G/27 Atul Colony
ATUL 396 020
Guj.
Stamps, view cards, singing

Ganesh Mallya (b 14)

VIIIth Std.,
St. Aloysius High School
MANGALORE
S. Kanara, Karnataka
Cricket, Football, reading.

Priya Diddie (g 10)

No. 8, Sir Maneckji Mehta rd.
Opp. Station Family Camp
PUNE 411 001
Reading, stamps, coins.

Rajender K. Chopra (b 16)

C/o Sri Deepchandri Chopra
Chopra Street
GANGASHAHR 334 401
Bikaner, Raj.
Reading, coins, stamps

Sameer Joshi (b 12)

3 Prashanti Apartments
7th Prabhat Road
37/22 Erandavana
PUNE 411 004
Reading, cycling, stamps.

Anil Kumar 'Vijeta' (b 13)

1465/V.L.H.
C/o Mr. R.C. Sharma
(Hindi Teacher)
Sainik School, Tilaiya
P.O. TILAIYA DAM
Hazaribagh, Bihar
Penfriends, Music, Dance

G. Hima Bindu Rao (g 13)

D/o Mr. G. Tirumal Rao
Christian Colony
H. No. 3-1-87/B
KARIMNAGAR, A.P.
Cricket, music, reading

FOREIGN

Pawan K. Batra (b 15)

P.O. Box 630
DAR-ES-SALAAM
Tanzania
Reading, stamps, hockey.

Rajesh Chitrakar (b 15)

St. Xavier's School
Jawalakhel
G.P.O. Box 50
KATHMANDU, Nepal
Penfriendship.

55 The King Who Became A Star

and the joyful music of drums and pipes led the way. All rejoiced except Saruchi and Uttama.

In the midst of these festivities, Uttama, wishing to gain favour with his father, offered to go and fight a forest tribe which had rebelled against the King. But Uttama and all his men were killed. Then, at the request of the people, Dhruva went to avenge his brother's death and came back victorious. All these events made poor Saruchi angry and she disappeared into the forest, never to be seen again.

The King now handed the affairs of State over to Dhruva and sought spiritual peace in a hermitage. Dhruva ruled wisely and well for many years, and then he, also, in turn, placed the crown on his son's head and went into the forest.

As he walked on, a path seemed to open before him leading to the North. This he followed, neither turning to the right nor to the left. Finally he came to a hermitage where there were seven Rishis (Sages) who for many years had been waiting for God to reveal Himself to them. They invited him to stay awhile and share in their experience. But he felt he should follow onward to where the path led. And as the Rishis followed him, they saw Dhruva's body become full of light, till they could see no form but only a brilliant light. At the same time they found that their own bodies were becoming luminous. But, Dhruva's light was greater than theirs. Together these eight lights took their place in the heavens — Dhruva the bright Pole Star, and the seven Sages in the constellation we know of as the Great Bear. ■

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS

4. Rite
7. Antelope
9. Api
10. Oat
13. Cob
14. Pie
16. Mean
17. Idol
21. Lit
22. Boiler
24. It
25. Rat
26. Deals
27. Rapids

DOWN

1. Ore
2. Atop
3. Gnat
5. Ila
6. Epic
8. Companion
11. Competed
12. Aiai
14. Pelt
15. Entrap
18. Di
19. Old
20. Lee
23. Ra
24. Is

Answers to Merry Christmas to You!!

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 1. Czechoslovakia | 6. Japan |
| 2. Greece | 7. France |
| 3. Italy | 8. Holland |
| 4. Sweden | 9. Portugal |
| 5. Germany | 10. Spain |

Closing Thought

**Christmas is
doing
a little
something
extra
for someone.**



sunshine-camel

COLOUR CONTEST

No Entrance Fee



WIN PRIZES

CAMEL—1ST PRIZE RS. 15
CAMEL—2ND PRIZE RS. 10
CAMEL—3RD PRIZE RS. 5
CAMEL—5 CONSOLATION PRIZES
CAMEL—10 CERTIFICATES
SUNSHINE—
5 CONSOLATION PRIZES.

CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 15 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entries at the following address.

Sunshine, 17/A Gultekdi, Pune 411 009.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Please see that the complete picture is painted

Send entries before: **JANUARY 30**

CONTEST NO.46

Vision

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RAM & SHYAM

GO 'TROUBLE SHOOTING'

RAM, THIS JOURNEY SEEMS VERY LONG!

YES... AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF SONGS.

HEY LOOK! I'VE A FEELING SOMETHING NASTY'S HAPPENING... THERE'S A DARK DIRTY VILLAIN SELLING POPPINS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.



YES! THE POPPINS HE'S SELLING ARE CHEAP IMITATIONS... BAD FOR HEALTH AND BAD FOR DIGESTION!



AH SHYAM, GO TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS MAN'S WRONG DEEDS ...



WHILE I TAKE THIS HANDFUL OF REAL POPPINS AND AIM AT HIS BIG FEET.



AH LOOK! HE IS SLIPPING... I'LL GET HIM. HE'S FALLING... IT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON TO STOP ALL THIS CHEATING!



MEANWHILE I THINK... I'LL TAKE THESE REAL POPPINS AND GIVE THEM TO THE KIDS... THEY DESERVE A TREAT.



LICKABLE
LIKEABLE
LOVABLE

PARLE
POPPINS FRUITY SWEETS



5 FRUITY FLAVOURS—
RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE,
LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME.

everest/80/PP/309